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THE CITIZEN

AN INDEPENDENT
WEEKLY

Circulation this week, 1000.

VOL. I.

THE CITIZEN

T. G. PASCO,
EDITOR AND MANAGER.

Published at the office of
THE CITIZEN, Berea, Ky.

OUR PLATFORM.

This paper aims to bring the best reading to every fireside. Reading is a great thing, but it makes a big difference what you read.

The CITIZEN brings, first of all, the news—not every tale of crime or horror, but the important news—the news from Washington and the State capital, from our soldiers in far off islands, from our neighbors everywhere. For the young folks we have a story and a Bible lesson; for housewives, a few new ideas each week which should lighten their labors; for the farmer some valuable hints which will help him to make more from his land and cattle.

We propose to get the best ideas that can be found on all such practical and important matters and pass them around among our readers. The resources of Berea College are not for its students alone. The editor of this paper can at any time step into the largest College library in the State, and he has engaged several of the most distinguished instructors in the College to take charge of special departments in the paper. Those who are visited by THE CITIZEN will know what is going on in the world. Every week it will tell them something worth knowing.

THE CITIZEN is pledged to no party. It is every man's friend. It stands for the things which benefit all—temperance, thrift, kindness, enterprise, and education. And we ask all who believe in these things to subscribe for THE CITIZEN.

The subscription list of *The Reporter* has been purchased by THE CITIZEN and we hope that the students will feel even a livelier interest in the new paper than they ever had for the old. It has at least two points of superiority. It is a weekly and it runs every week in the year. THE CITIZEN never takes a vacation and it will serve as a weekly news letter when the students are away from Berea.

PERSONALS

Cull C. Coyle is spending a few days here.

Will Lusk will teach the school at West Union this term.

Chas. M. White goes to Springfield, Ohio, where he has a position.

Postmaster Hart was at Red Lick on business Friday and Saturday.

R. Sharp Holmes, of Richmond, is visiting his cousin, C. F. Hanson.

C. Rexford Raymond visited Conway last Saturday on College business.

Mrs. Demmon, of Warren, Pa., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chaney.

Mrs. Yocom went to Cincinnati last Saturday morning. She returns tomorrow.

James Weston and Mrs. Delilah Harrison were married last Wednesday, June 21.

Rev. Willard J. Frost, of Harvey, Ill., preached to the congregation at the Union church Sunday.

Mr. T. J. Flanery, of Conkling, left for home Tuesday with his daughter, Miss Lou, and Miss Martha Beard.

Misses Carrie Woods, Pearl Baker and Ida L. Brooks leave to-morrow to spend the summer at Chautauqua.

W. P. Chapman left Saturday for London to begin his summer's work

for the American Sunday school Union.

Miss Fannie Allen, who has been visiting friends for a few weeks at Dory, has returned to her home.

Mrs. Mary (Brauman) Brown, a student here 25 years ago, is visiting relatives and friends here. Her home is in Chicago.

Ernest Spink and Ed. Staley remained in town until Sunday, taking advantage of the excursion rates to Cincinnati on that day.

Mrs. Anna Fay leaves next week for her home near Brookville, Ky. Mr. T. J. Osborne will shortly occupy the property where Mrs. Fay now lives.

Mrs. German has been very low for several days and her recovery is doubtful. Three of the children arrived here Friday night in response to a telegram.

W. S. Young, formerly postmaster here arrived in town last week and returned to his home in London yesterday. He travels for a Lexington grocery firm.

Homer Martin left for his home in Oregon City, Oregon, on Thursday. He expects to attend Lehigh Stanford University next year, and orders THE CITIZEN sent him.

Miss Ellen Butner returned to her home at Wildie, Sunday, after a pleasant visit with Mrs. J. J. Branan. Miss Butner spent the winter in Florida, having only recently returned.

LOCALS

Geo. Barclay of Boone's Gap, lost a little child last Friday.

Several of our citizens attended the Masonic picnic at Kirksville last Saturday.

Work has begun on the house which the College is building for a President's home.

A street fair for Richmond is being advocated by the press of that city. The idea is a good one and deserves the active support of all.

An ice-cream supper will be given by the Ladies of the Silver Creek Baptist Church at their church next Saturday, July 1 at six o'clock.

Miss Putnam entertained a few friends last Monday evening in honor of Miss Culbertson. The Mandolin Club added to the pleasure of the occasion.

A telegram from J. W. Ames Sunday informs us that he is at present in Kansas City, but is better in health and will soon be able to continue his journey.

Rev. d. W. Torkington, a student here in '93, writes that for two years after leaving Berea he was a missionary in Africa, but is now at Sweden Valley, Pa.

The Evangel, edited by Rev. J. Knox Montgomery, of the First United Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati, comes to our table. It is a creditable church paper.

The Southern Passenger Agent of the Big Four was here last Wednesday and Thursday in the interest of his road. He secured about thirty passengers among the students.

As a result of a runaway horse on Commencement Day Mrs. John Garritt was quite badly injured. She was passing along the street at the time, and was struck by the buggy.

Some unknown persons amused themselves Friday night by using an ax on the calaboose and liberating several prisoners who were confined there waiting trial in police court Saturday.

Mark Spiuk and Jno. Burdett went down to Richmond Saturday to play ball with the White's Station team against the Caldwell High School team. Score 16 to 5 in favor of White's Station.

A large business in shipping staves is being done here now. About a car load is shipped each week. Tanbark trade has been quite good this season. Flat rails and posts are in good demand.

Devoted to the Interests of the Home, School, and Farm.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, JUNE 28, 1890.

50 c & Year.

NO. 2.

Afternoon Addresses.

The tabernacle was well filled for the afternoon addresses at 2 o'clock and the audience was good till the close at about half past four. Dr. Fairchild presided, and music was furnished by the band and Harmonia.

The invocation was given by Rev. Mr. Jones. The principal addresses were given by Dr. W. W. Atterbury, of New York, and Rev. R. G. McClelland, of Fredericktown, Ohio. Dr. Atterbury presented with earnest enthusiasm the opportunities offered to youth for making the most of itself by education and energy, and urged fathers and mothers to promote that purpose in their children. The address was enlivened by many anecdotes and was happily received. Mr. McClelland presented a clear and forcible plea for character building, showing how the welfare of individuals, races, and nations depends upon individual traits of character established in youth. The earnestness of the speaker was clearly felt.

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COMMENCEMENT NEWS.

On Tuesday night, June 20, Miss Virginia Culbertson gave a reading from her own poems in the chapel. The reading was for the benefit of the portrait fund and was fairly well attended. Miss Culbertson has a very clear voice and is a pleasing reader. Her poems are bright and sparkling, her dialect renditions very good and the program an excellent one, on the whole. At different intervals on the program Miss Culbertson sang a few plantation melodies, accompanying herself on the banjo. The entertainment was enjoyed by all present.

Commencement Day

Wednesday, June 21, saw the largest crowd in attendance at Berea for many years and perhaps the largest ever here. It is estimated that 7,000 people were in town. Nearly 2,000 saddle horses were counted, and vehicles were also present in large numbers.

The crowd came early and enjoyed the day. There were practically no accidents and everything passed off quietly. A shower at noon would have helped matters considerably, but for the past two years even the Berea Commencement has failed to draw rain.

A program of the morning exercises is here given:

Morning Exercises

MUSIC—By the Band
INVOCATION

MUSIC—School Chorus
Shall the Republic Be Perpetual?
R. C. Lowe, Medina, Ohio.

Essay
Before and After Taking
Anna Fay, Hanover, Beres.

Oration
Free! Not Because of Evil Doers
Henry C. Timley, Pittsburg.

LOCAL SOLO—"He Leadeth Me"
Mrs. Carrie Woods.

Essay
The Deprivations of High Schools
Mary C. Hooper, Oberlin, Ohio.

Oration
Have Steam up—Move!
R. S. Beard, Appalachia, Florida.

Essay
Elogies on The College Bell
Hallie F. Embree, Berea.

Oration
Secret Forces
Edward A. Chapin, Litchfield, Ohio.

MUSIC—Baritone Solo and Quartet—
"The Owl and The Pussy Cat"—

Mr. T. G. Pasco, Moses Mann, Highgate, and Pop.

Oration
The Time is Short
W. D. Embree, Opal, Wyoming.

Oration
Nothing Graceful
William M. Miller, Richmond.

Oration
Christianity Our Business
Harold B. Hunting, Berea.

Oration
Find a Way or Make It
John W. Neely, Chicago, Illinois.

Oration
Life Up in America
J. Carl Fay, Germantown.

MUSIC—Harmonia—Hosanna in the Highest.

Conferring Degrees.

MUSIC—School Chorus—Columbia.

HENEDICTION.

Degrees were conferred on Miss Ruth Todd, from the Department of Music, and Messrs. W. M. Miller, J. W. Neely, J. C. Fay, W. D. Embree, and H. B. Hunting from the College courses.

General News.

Weather bureau forecast—another week of hot weather.

Teachers' Institute of Jefferson Co. is in session at Louisville.

H. B. Plant, President of the Plant System of Railways is dead.

Kaiser Wilhelm refused to agree to Russia's scheme for Universal Disarmament.

Gen. John B. Gordon's home near Atlanta was destroyed by fire. War relics and library saved.

Owsley County has quite a number of boys in blue who show their readiness to respond to our country's call.

Taylor claims to have 830 out of 848 votes necessary to nominate. A unanimous ballot for Taylor is expected soon.

John Clark, near Harrodsburg, was dragged by a team of wild horses over about a quarter of a mile of rocky road and fatally injured.

A big shooting tournament will be held June 28, 29 and 30 at Richmond, Ind. Many prizes are offered and many crack shots are expected.

Beverly Baker, of Clay County, arrived in London yesterday. He reports that an attempt to assassinate him was made as he was on his way to London.

An interview with Crawford Fairbanks, of Terre Haute, a prominent promoter of trusts, says trusts are on their last legs. Investors are said to be sick of trust stock.

Gov. Bradley and Judge Eversole held a conference at Frankfort regarding affairs in Clay county, and arranged for a special court. Judge Eversole will not preside.

The Insular Commission made a report suggesting that trusts be forbidden in the island of Porto Rico, on the ground that trusts are a menace to the healthy growth of business.

According to Joseph Chamberlain, Colonial Secretary, England is ready to administer a severe lesson to the Boers in case a peaceful settlement of the South African troubles is not soon reached.

The Democratic State Convention at Louisville was entirely blocked by a disturbance created for the supposed purpose of making the nominations worthless in case they were not pleasing to certain political factions in Louisville.

A cable from Gen. Otis reports that the rebels in the Philippines are badly scattered and little campaigning is being done.

Their only hope seems to be that anti-expansionists in America will come to their relief with a change of policy in the government and declare independence of the rebels. The natives are combining to drive them out.

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Upon very short notice five brief addresses were given by as many visiting friends of Berea. Rev. M. Creekmore congratulated both officers and neighbors of Berea upon the growth of past years in sympathy as well as in improvements and attendance. Rev. P. A. White, a graduate of the College, expressed pride in the past and faith in the future of Berea, as a prime factor in solution of vexed problems of race and enlightenment, with earnest exhortation to people of every race to lend a helping hand. Mr. E. W. Baker, a former student, paid a touching tribute to Berea's history, especially to its officers, and rejoiced in its immediate promise of great usefulness. Rev. Willard Frost, of Chicago, brother of our President, pictured the bright future of Berea as a center of increasing thrift and enterprise for the whole state of Kentucky. Tutor Raymond earnestly expounded the aims of Berea in reaching out to people of every station for welfare of all, urging the energetic help of the thousands assembled to gain these noble advantages.

Notes

It did not rain.

Will Klein came up from Langford.

The booths and various attractions did a great business.

The farewell social at the Ladies' Hall was well attended.

Caleb Cope and J. W. Cope, of Annsville, took in the sights.

THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BIRKA, KENTUCKY.

SAD CASE OF JACK SMITH.

Jack Smith was a clerk on a thousand a year. And his heart was as bright as the May. His smart little wife made him humble home dear.

For she did her own housework with never a fear. Of what other people might say,

Might say.

Of what foolish people might say.

His tastes being simple, his wants they were few;

Contented and happy he dwelt;

He dined on plain food and took exercise,

too;

So vigor and health and good nature he knew.

And never a worry he felt,

He felt,

To shorten the girth of his belt.

Being poor he could live as it suited him best.

And dress just for comfort alone;

He could ride on a merrily-round with a best.

Speak the truth and be honest because he was honest.

With true independence unknown,

Unknown.

To those in a wealthier zone.

And thus he was happy until in a while.

There fell to him riches galore,

And then the poor fellow bloomed out in the style.

And dwelt in a grand architectural pile.

With servants on every floor,

Hoo-roar!

With horses on every floor.

From trying to "get in the game."

With nothing to do grew puffy and stout.

And wine made him red in the face;

He dined on coarse dinner with nobs about,

His health and his nerves and good nature gave out.

And his noon was a pitiful case,

Fool case,

For the doctors who thrived on his pace.

In garments of fashion he had to be bound.

And walk with a dignified tread;

To operas, balls and receptions around.

His wife made him go—it didn't she find.

Another to go in his stead.

His stead,

When scandalous things might be said.

A valet he had who would fawn at his face.

And fun of him make at his back.

His butter, bedecked with gold buttons and lace,

Look'd down on him so that he felt in his place.

As small as the point of a tack,

A tack,

And worse than a man on the rack.

In his carriage with liveried driver before

And a folded-armed tiger behind,

And his wife with a poodle he had to adore,

He rode in the park while admirers, a score,

Would bow to his wife who inclined.

Inclined,

While he was compelled to be blind.

In spite of his money both ends wouldn't meet,

For he had to ape wealthier geese,

For worries and care made his trouble complete;

To keep up the style he must practice deceit.

Which robbed all his clingers of peace,

Or peace,

Till death seemed his only release.

One day in a restaurant sadly he went

And asked as a privilege rare

That he, like, in days he had happily spent,

Could take off his coat and in shirt sleeves content.

Sit down on a plain wooden chair,

Hard chair,

And feet just as free as the air.

"And can't I," he asked, "as a privilege great,

Have corned beef and cabbage to eat

With plenty of mustard and all on one plate—

You'll pardon my tears for, alas, I must state

It's years since I've known such a treat,

A treat.

It's years since I've known such a treat."

—It. C. Dodge, in Chicago Daily Sun.

A MAID and a MOUSETRAP.

By Pauline Freeman

It certainly seems to me as if some power watched over the destinies of young girls and guarded them—when they're good," the old bachelorette said. He ought to know, I thought, having himself been a sort of honorary uncle and guide to as many as a dozen young girls in his time, all of whom were happily married. He was a philanthropic sort of a middle-aged man, with a very large experience of the world and its ways.

"Why, I've known cases where things came right just when the girl herself thought they were going hopelessly wrong," he continued, seeing that we were all listening to him and ready for more. "Now there was that case in Florida with my dear young friend Ethel Berry. It looked like a very sad case at one time, but it proved to be all for the best.

"No, I don't mind telling you about it. You, none of you, know who Ethel Berry is. And, in any case, the thing never was a secret.

"Well, of course, you know that all women are afraid of mice. I would almost be inclined to suspect a woman that was not afraid of mice, for my own part—I should regard her as something uncleanly—fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils"—something not properly womanly. But Ethel's feelings about mice was really quite beyond the ordinary. On every other subject she was as sound as a bell. You couldn't frighten her with a gun. She could shoot pretty well and lead actually killed several deer out in the woods. About snakes, she felt pretty much the same horror that most people feel who have not been used to them from childhood. She was not by any means a nervous or a fainting woman. But, somehow, she could not stand mice; I have even seen her jump away from a little wooden

penwiper, because there was a figure of a mouse on it, with beads for eyes—and she knew perfectly well that it was not a real mouse, too.

"When Ethel's mother took her to Florida she made the acquaintance of a young Englishman there who was supposed to be engaged in the orange-growing business, and also supposed to be doing very well at it. Personally, he was liked by everybody, not because his elder brother was said to be a lord, but just for his own sake. He was a gay, free-and-easy sort of youngster, sensible, a good banjo player, always ready for a bit of fun, and nobody had a word to say against his character. Ethel and her mother had been in Florida nearly all winter, and they had seen much of this young man all the time, and the consequence was that the young man had told Mrs. Berry that he intended to marry her daughter. Mrs. Berry said that must be as her daughter chose to decide. Finally, so far as anyone could judge, Ethel herself was inclined to favor the young man.

"That was where the mice came in. The cottage which the Berry's had rented for the winter was a very fairly built sort of affair, not at all old, and not troubled with such things as mice. They had lived there from November to the end of February without ever having been obliged to think of mice. But in February Ethel heard strange sounds by night in her bedroom.

"'Mother,' she said, 'I heard mice in my room last night, and you know as well as I do that so long as there is my chance of a mouse being anywhere about that room I can't sleep in it.'

"Mrs. Berry knew perfectly well that this was no exaggeration. The girl had not slept more than one hour all the previous night, and that would not do. They rigged a grass hammock for her in her mother's room—she could sleep all right in a hammock—and a search was made for a mouse trap.

"Now, the town where the Berries were staying was a nice enough little place in its way, but it was not a great commercial center. You could buy most things that winter visitors to Florida are likely to want, but this did not include mouse traps. The storekeeper said he had never before thought that there was any demand for mouse traps among his customers. He would send for a consignment of the newest make, however.

"But this place meant waiting, perhaps, a week, and letting the mice have their fun in the meantime. Ethel said she could still hear them in the next room at night, and they kept her awake, although she felt more secure in the hammock in her mother's room. She was urgent to have those mice exterminated, and she was a young woman unaccustomed to have her will obeyed.

"This was a chance for the young man to prove his devotion. He laid a mouse trap to offer the lady, but he had a horse, and he could ride that horse far and fast. He mounted at dawn, and rode to a port 22 miles away, where there were many ironmongery stores, and at night he returned in triumph, though a little wayward, bearing the mouse trap.

"It was a humble sort of mouse trap—one of the wire cage kind, but the young Englishman thought it would do. So did Ethel. She rewarded him with smiles and thanks; he was happy, and the trap, baited with codfish, was set.

"That night Ethel again thought she heard stirrings, but in the morning, when her gallant came, early, to see how his trap worked—she herself could not face the chances of seeing a mouse, even in captivity—it was found that the trap was empty.

"And I happen to know that the doctor has made her a particularly good husband. I know it by her looks. I can always tell a happy wife." —N. O. Times-Democrat.

she put on her slippers, lighted a lamp and led the way.

"By that time the violence of the snake's agonies had subsided. He had stopped whipping and threshing about. Only the faint tremor of his rattle kept up. You see, he didn't care for codfish, but cheese, being made of milk, had a certain attraction for him. He had gone to investigate the bolt on that mousetrap and had sprung it just as if he had been a real mouse. The consequence was that the spring, which was a good, strong one, had gripped him tight on the back of his head. And that was the end of him.

"But, though Ethel could go into that room with a lump look at the snake, she nearly choked her to hysterics. She said she could never forget the look of that dead rattler, with its jaws wide open, staring at her in the corner of the room. More than that, after she had nearly dropped the lump and set the house on fire, she declared that she must get out and go to some other house. She could not stay in that house another hotel. Fortunately, there was a sort of hotel in the town, and the Berries went to it. But it seemed very hard—at the time at least—that during the next few days, while she was suffering from an attack of fever, the doctor would not let Honorable Tom even send her a note. The fact is, she could not bear anything that reminded her of that hideous night," as she always called it.

"But here is where the providence that watches over good girls comes in, I think. Nowhere—

"A few days later, when they were just going to start north, Ethel saw the young man and told him that their marriage must be postponed for some months, until she could forget all about that terrible mousetrap affair. She said, for some time to come, the sight of him would always remind her of a rattlesnake with its mouth wide open.

"I tried to take her out of it, but one evening out in the moonlight she told him just how it was.

"Now, you may think that a very unkind thing for a girl to say to her devoted lover, and no wonder he didn't seem to like it. But it was just as well that she did take that fancy.

"She went with her mother to New York, and there, by the merest accident, observed she met another Englishtown who knew Honorable Tom. Then, in conversation, it came out that Honorable Tom's brother had sent him to Florida on purpose to separate him from Honorable Mrs. Tom, who was a very undesirable person.

"In fact, Honorable Tom was the black sheep of the family. In many ways he was not a bad fellow—never stole, or anything of that kind—but he had a very light idea of his obligations in the way of marriage, evidently.

"He himself said, when he was asked about the affair, that he had come to Florida on purpose to escape from 'that woman'—meaning Honorable Mrs. Tom, his lawful wife.

"So, you see, that meanest rascal that Ethel did one good turn for Ethel Berry then, and a second good turn, you may say, when she married the doctor who treated her for the nervous trouble that followed.

"And I happen to know that the doctor has made her a particularly good husband. I know it by her looks. I can always tell a happy wife." —N. O. Times-Democrat.

"To tell the truth," said the young man, "I never had much confidence in this kind of trap. Sorry I didn't look for one of the other kind—with a spring, you know. And, come to think of it, I don't believe mice are much for codfish. Do you? Well, I'll just ride over again to-day and see if I can't get one of the spring sort."

"That was a very fair test of that young man's devotion, I think. He had ridden about 45 miles the day before, and here he was going to get it over again, just to get a better mouse trap for his lady love. I know it made a deep impression on her at the time, for she told me much. She told me that when the Honorable Tom—that was his name—started out on his second mouse trap expedition they had it all pretty well settled that they should be married two weeks later, in a quiet way. He said that he wanted to surprise his brother and "all of them at home" so he would not say a word about it beforehand—just send them a cable to say he was married. And I quite believe that Mrs. Berry would have given her consent; she liked the way the young man had acted in taking her into his confidence from the first.

"Well, that second time he came back rather earlier than he had the night before. The mother and daughter were sitting up, waiting for him on the veranda. He had succeeded in getting a spring trap, and with it he brought a great hunk of cheese, saying that cheese was the only sure bait for mice." And if that doesn't catch 'em, he said, 'nothing will.' You must pull down the house, or get into other quarters. Only, don't go away from here.

"That night, when the trap had been properly baited and set, there was a great commotion in the next room to Mrs. Berry's. Ethel described it as a sudden loud click, immediately followed by a sound as if some one had a piece of wood tied to a string and was whipping the floor and the walls of the next room with it. In between the raps and knocks the two women heard a sound like dried peas shaken in a bag.

"Then they knew what it was all about.

"And this was what showed the peculiar make-up of that girl; she wouldn't have gone into the room if a mouse had been there, but as soon as she was quite sure it was a rattlesnake

she got up and went to the door.

"'Johnny—Wot yer want ter go ter bed early?

"Why, so I can git up early. You know mighty little bout the true philosophy of life?"—Judge.

Cause and Effect.

Chinese Bridegroom.

An exceptionally ugly old woman in

China can always make a fair living

by acting as bridegroom at a wedding.

A Chinese bride makes a point of choosing only ugly women for her attendants in order that they may act as foil

to her beauty.



EASE THE WORN NERVES.

A Woman's Life Should Not Be Bush and Bitter If She Wants to Be Truly Happy.

The word "duty" in the mouth of the ordinary woman is synonymous with discomfort. The secret of happiness consists in looking upon what one must do in this world as the pleasantest thing life offers. It is only another case of the point of view. The people who stay young longest and who are most attractive, whether young or old, are those who do things that they ought to do, not from a sense of duty, but because it is a pleasure.

The woman who stays up at night to nurse sick friend or to finish a dozen shirts for the henhen because duty alone prompts her, while it is a weariness of the flesh only sustained by the commendations of conscience, is doing herself and the relative or the henhen wrong. She is dragging through a task which is repugnant to her, and shows in her face before many years have passed lines indicative of unnecessary worry.

Contrast with the nervous, hurried woman the wholesome, red-faced matron who "takes things easy." It is not necessary to



WHAT SHALL I TELL JESUS?

Little Dying Girl's Question Brings About the Reformation of Her Ham-soaked Father.

Just yesterday a godly Welsh lady related to me the remarkable and touching incident which God used to crush the bold, sinful heart of her drunkard father and to transform him into a clean, devoted and useful Christian:

A beautiful daughter was born into the home and became the bane of the father's heart. Her stay was brief, but full of purpose. The first unfoldings of her childish nature were fragrant with the breath of Heaven. She knew Jesus before she knew the world; learned to lisp His name with the dawning of her third year. She was divinely precocious. Her tiny lips prattled the message of pure love. Her angel voice sang the sweet strains of heavenly song. Her tender heart breathed out, in childish innocence and simple faith, the prayer: "God bless mamma and papa," and "Dear Lord, make papa to be good."

In her fifth summer the tiny tot was stricken with a fatal illness. At the bedside, a constant anxious watcher, sat her rum-soaked and bloated father. That child had been an angel of mercy to him. Many times she had piloted him from the drink den to his home, when the drunk demon had rendered

him void of reason and even brute instinct. Time upon time when the "hell fires" of passion inflamed by rum leaped out to devour all that was sacred and dear in the little circle she had thrown herself in the very heart of the burning, never failing to allay it. Thus, by the mingle influence of her loving efforts to lead him away from danger and into the security of a Saviour's love, she had threaded a part of her own being into the very heart-life of that reckless, godless father. Now she was about to leave him. Her going meant to him a loss of all that was worth possessing; she was his "better self." There he sat under the stress of a separation that drove heart pangs more deeply than he had ever before experienced. The fountains that had been sealed for years were broken open, and those rum-blinded eyes were flooded with tears.

The child's lips moved and the father drew nearer. "Papa," she said, "I am going home to Heaven now; if you have no whisky breath, come to me and kiss me good-by."

The father stooped and pressed his trembling lips upon those paper ones that were already touched with the chill of death. Hot tears gushed from his eyes and broke upon the pale, dimpled cheek of his dying child. In a faint yet distinct whisper the child used her last earthly breath in pressing upon the mind of her father this searching inquiry: "Papa, dear, what shall I tell Jesus when I see Him, 'cause you do not love and serve Him?"

That tiny form now rests in the silent tomb, while the child dwells in immortality on high. Its earth-stay was brief, but its fruitage abundant. The father, a redeemed, transformed drunkard, now living a life of great usefulness in the Master's service, is a most beautiful monument to the child's memory.—Rev. C. W. Record, in Watchword.

Knew Its Terror.

No one can know, as he who has suffered from it, the dreadful experience of a drunkard's life. The morning paper in a brief paragraph, says the interior, showed the terrible tragedy of drink when it told of the fireman who was thrown from his truck and fearfully injured. "Going at full speed around a corner upon a paved street, the hook and ladder department made some balk and was thrown. The fireman who had been seated upon the top, holding to the brace, was hurled against the curb, with such force that the bones of his leg broke and protruded through the flesh. The companions who picked him up carried him to the nearest pharmacy, and with their own notions of 'first aid to the injured' proceeded to fill him up with the best brandy. But to their surprise his lips were set with a firmness that excluded every drop; and then it was remembered that he had once been a drinking man and was now reformed. To his mind, tortured as he was by pain, a broken leg was nothing to an open bottle. No persuasion could induce him to taste the liquor that was brought, not even to accept anaesthesia; and he bore the setting of the broken bones without stimulants or opiates, rather than incur the slightest risk of a relapse from abstinence. How much that speaks for his firmness and the terror inspired by past experience of drink!"

Temperance Railway Car.
There is one private railway car inside of which there never is any liquor. That is the car of General Manager Stevens, of the Chesapeake & Ohio. Mr. Stevens is not what is usually called a temperance man, but he is so opposed to drinking that he will not approve a bill for supplies purchased at a store that handles liquor in any form.—Organizer.

DOES WINE MAKE BLOOD?

Teats and Arguments Going in Show That It Does Not, Nor Does It Aid in the Process.

Wine is simply a mixture of alcohol and water, with some flavoring substance added. The proportion of alcohol is sometimes as low as seven or eight per cent, and again as high as 2 per cent.

Can blood be made from alcohol? This is a very important question, and one on which there is a great diversity of opinion. Temperance first made use of pure alcohol for the preparation of his elixir vitae. Thousands of physicians today recommend that mothers, invalids and other feeble persons drink wine and beer, with the idea that these liquors make blood. Perhaps this notion grew out of the similarity in color of wine and blood; at any rate, it is the red wines that are largely consumed for this purpose.

But wine cannot make blood; wine interferes with the bloodmaking process. To be converted into blood, a substance must contain some of the properties of blood. Wine does not resemble blood; it is diluted alcohol. Hence it cannot be converted into something radically different from itself as blood is.

Blood is just as much flesh as any other part of the body; it is liquid tissue; it is liquid flesh; it is vitalized fluid, and is as much alive as the brain or a nerve.

Alcohol is lifeless, consequently it cannot be changed into blood. Nothing but good food—fruits, grains and meats—can make pure blood. These foods become blood through digestion. Let us test it: Suppose a man eats bread, apples and potatoes one day, and the next day you examine him; you find none of these substances. They have been dissolved, converted into blood and organized into tissue. On the other hand, if you should dissect this man, and discover bread, apples and potatoes in his muscles, you would rightly conclude that that food had not made blood and tissue.

This is precisely what happens when alcohol is taken into the system. Examinations of men who have drunk alcohol have revealed the liquor in the brain, liver and muscles; indeed, the whole body was saturated with alcohol as a sponge with water. The poison has been detected in the perspiration and in the secretions of the kidneys. By distilling the breath of such persons it has been possible to obtain the alcohol again. So alcohol does not make blood and tissue.

Another natural question is: Can it be used in any other way for the benefit of the body? Investigations have answered this in the negative. We have devised an instrument by which we can determine just how long it takes a man to see, and experiments with it have shown that it takes a person longer to see the letter A, for instance, after taking alcohol than before. Not only does alcohol render a man's sight less keen, but it retards all his other sensibilities.

We have experimented to find out the effect of liquor on digestion, by giving a young man a test breakfast to which four ounces of simple claret of wine had been added. As a consequence, his record was down in the "hypot" territory. Then he was given two ounces of brandy with his test breakfast, and the record showed almost aperients, or no digestion whatever. This agrees with the experiments of Sir William Roberts, an eminent English physiologist. He put food into a test tube and added a little hydrochloric acid and pepsin, making an artificial gastric juice. Next he tried alcohol with the test breakfast, also tea and coffee and various allied substances. His conclusion was that alcohol certainly does interfere with digestion—bad health.

FACTS AND REASON.

We are right no farther than we dare to do right.—Lever.

A draft of the water of life is the best liquor cure.—Bain's Horn.

Life is a campaign, not a battle, and its defeats as well as its victories—National Advocate.

Intemperance is an accursed thing. It degrades the mind, it demoralizes the whole moral being, and, if not removed, menus everlasting ruin.

The lack of courage of attack and clement decision of purpose and object to be reached, man-strings many a young man from the start.—Man.

There are over 200 brands of wine produced in France, but more wine is drunk in England than in France, and London is the greatest wine market in the world.

Great moral courage may be called forth by very small duties. It sometimes requires more moral courage to sweep a room without neglecting the corners than to take a city.—Baptist Standard.

One of the members of the Massachusetts board of pharmacy is reported to have said that the sales of liquor in drug stores have decreased 60 per cent, since the board has certified to the fitness of applicants for druggists' licenses.

Almost, without exception, all great London physicians and all great surgeons are in favor of total abstinence. Some surgeons will not undertake to perform operations upon persons who have been addicted to drink; they value their reputations too highly to risk failure.

Boston Congratulates Itself.

Boston congratulates itself on a marked decrease in drunkenness during the last three years. In 1896 there were 20,480 arrests for this offense. In 1897 the number declined to 19,252, and in 1898 to 16,628. The probation system is working well.

Not a Good Rule.

Christian people should be slow about adding to their list of beatitudes the modern one which reads: "Blessed are those who row with the stream, for they shall get what they want." Boston Watchman.

GRACIOUS INVITATIONS.

International Reader School Lesson for July 2, 1898—Teas, Honey, 14¢—Memory Verses 4-7.

Specially Adapted from Peloubet's Notes, GOLDEN TENT.—Come, and let us return unto the Lord.—No. 61.

READ IN HEBR. 11:12-13, 16, 2 Kings 2:12, 1 Chron. 10:12, 2 Sam. 25, 27-28, 2 CORINTHIANS 12:10-13.

AMON BELONGING TO JUDAH.—During Hosea's ministry authentic history began in Greece with the Olympiad, B. C. 776. Home was founded B. C. 753. Assyria was the dominant, overshadowing power during Hosea's life, and was the instrument of the execution of the Divine warnings.

EXPLANATORY.

The Mission of the Prophet Hosea.—Hosea had fallen upon evil times, and his mission was to make them better. Like Elisa at the bitter fountain of Jericho, he was to cast the salt of righteousness into the polluted social and religious fountains of Israel's life, and restore the waters to health. The Prophet Amos preceded Hosea. His message was one of denunciation of sin, of "Woe unto you," of punishment, of warning. It was of Divine justice.

The Prophet Hosea follows him with a new motive, the mightiest that can be brought to bear upon the heart of man—the love of God, the deepest, truest, strongest love possible. "To Amos' proposition 'God is Justice,' Hosea adds, 'God is Love.'"

WHAT SHALL I TELL JESUS?

"Well, Kit," said Eleanor, "I'm glad, too, for I see by your eyes that you've something to tell me."

"Yes. This morning I went over to see Kit, and I ran up to her room, as we always do, you know."

"And she was crying. All around her on the floor were letters, and on the floor more letters. I said: 'Metoo, Kit, what's the matter?' Very now and then she would make a vicious jab at a letter and appear to be writing.

"'Oh, Daisy! I am so wild! I'm so busy!'

"'Well,' said Kit, 'you know Clarence and I had a quarrel—and I'm glad of it—and here she rubbed the gladdest kind of a sob—and—she sent all my letters back—and the silver bookmark—and the lovely pipe I gave him with his name engraved on it—oh, Daisy! I can't use any of them—how can I?—and so I'm getting his letters ready to return. I'm—correcting them, and then she laughed and made another jab with her pen.'

"'Correcting them?' I gasped.

"'Yes—correcting them. You know Clarence is a terrible speller, so I have gone over each letter in red ink and made him see that it was intentional. Humph! I'll be he won't snarl when he breaks it off!'

"I couldn't help laughing, but wasn't it fine revenge?"—London Tit-Bits.

GOLFING AND CYCLING.

These two great sports go hand in hand. The links are perfectly situated at some distance from town, and the easiest and quietest way to reach them is with the bicycle. For golf good links are needed; for cycling good roads. Golf links can be made anywhere by digging holes, and making artificial barriers. On Long Island Nature has been particularly kind. Its North Shore is all rolling country, in many places glacial action has formed hills and hollows of perfect delight to the followers of this sport. The level and beautiful ocean shore is broken in many places by rolling hills, covered with grass and shrubs which go to make up links so close to the Scottish ideals that all who have played in the old country are struck at once by their wonderful fitness for the sport, and added to this the fact that the cool South breeze comes up every day throughout the Summer from across the ocean and brings with it a bracing and exhilarating that nothing else can give. Nowhere but on Long Island do these conditions exist. It is unique in this as it is in its varied scenery and its unsurpassed attractions in every line. The roads are good and many beautiful side paths and cycle paths wind through the woods. The tour around the Island which can be made in three days is most enjoyable, and a week taken to the tripean will be filled very full of pleasure. The camera should not be left at home, as the scenery is constantly changing, and its beauties are well worth preserving for future enjoyment.

Genus.

"How is it Wilkins over there looks so cool when everything else is sweltering?"

"Ah, Wilkins is smart. Do you see those old papers he is reading? Well, they contain the account of February's blizzard. Every winter begins to die in the least warm weather about the twenty-third of December, and the snows melt away and shivers. His scheme is cooler than fans and cheaper than ice."—Chicago Evening News.

THE TOP OF POLITNESS.

The most polite man in four countries has been discovered. He is George Tracy, the milk dealer. When you call on Mr. Tracy he takes you down cellar and seats you in a chair in front of a barrel of cider. Then he starts a siphon-like arrangement, the cedar flowing in an amber stream through a small hose. Mr. Tracy then places the business end of the hose in your mouth—and goes away.—Williamette Weekly Journal.

Drift: it is just as pleasant down the river as up.—Atchison Globe.

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Insured against Chain Troubles for \$1.60

The "policy" is a "Perpetual" Chain.

The only accurate and satisfactory chain manufactured for use in delivery wagons and other vehicles.

Send for free copy of pamphlet entitled "The Truth About Oklahoma."

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HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSION

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NO-TO-BAC

Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

REGULATE THE LIV.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, No Good, Never Sticks, Weakens or Grieves, No Side Effects.

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AN EXCELLENT COMBINATION.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP of FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectively, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid irritations, please remember the full name of the Company, printed on the front of every package.

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New Courses at Berea.

Almost any kind of study at a good school is pleasant and profitable, but to get the real good of attending school one should take some definite course. By a Course we mean a set of studies which have been grouped together in such a way that each will help the others. Besides this, the person who takes a course of study gets enough to give him a somewhat complete preparation for a calling in life.

Berea College offers several new courses the coming year and parents will wish to study upon the question of where their children shall be placed in the school. For those who have not yet completed the common branches, like Arithmetic and Geography,—that is those who are not sufficiently advanced to pass an ordinary teacher's examination, Berea offers two things:

1. Work in the Model Schools which will enable them in the quickest and most thorough way to complete these common branches.

2. Work in the Trade Schools where they will give half their time to school studies and half their time to some trade or industry. Twenty-four boys can be received next fall to begin a course in Carpentry. Six boys can be received to learn the printer's trade. Twenty-four girls can be received for instruction in household industries, sewing, cooking, etc. In these Trade Schools students will be expected to continue two years, and at the end of that time they may hope to earn at least twice as much as they could earn at the beginning for unskilled labor. There is a great and growing demand for good carpenters, dress-makers, cooks, and matrons, and the opportunity to prepare our children for these callings ought not to be passed by.

For those who have fairly completed the common branches, Berea offers three lines of instruction:

1. The Normal Course of winter and spring studies for three years, which fits a person for a high position as a teacher. The first year of the Normal Course will enable a bright and diligent student to get a first class certificate, and such students on completing the course are prepared for a State teacher's examination for a life certificate. Among the special features of the Normal Course at Berea we should mention the practice teaching, which is the most practical and costly training ever given in Normal schools. Many a student has said that he gained more from a month of practice teaching than from five years' experience.

2. A second course for those who have fairly completed the common branches is the Course in Applied Science. For young men this is an Agricultural Course, teaching them farming, gardening, draining of land, care of forests, raising of stock, together with practical studies like United States History, the keeping of accounts, and other things which make a good citizen and a successful man. For the girls this Course in Applied Science is directed towards domestic industries, cooking, sewing, nursing, gardening, together with drill in those studies which teach a girl to think, improve the mind, and make her a capable woman. These Courses of Applied Science—Agriculture and Domestic Science cover two years each.

3. A third course of study for those who have fairly completed the common branches, is the regular Academy Course, of four years, which fits young people for college, for business, or for life. This course includes more of the Mathematics, Sciences, and Languages, and is designed for those who can spend a longer time in study and those who are looking forward to one of the learned professions.

Beyond the courses above described, the College has three College courses; the Classical, Philosophical, and the Literary. The student who completes one of these courses will find himself in step with the best scholarship of the world.

We have said nothing in this brief outline of Music. Instruction in singing is given without extra charge to all students at Berea. Lessons in the reed organ, voice culture, piano, and theory, are given for a small extra fee. There is a great opportunity for few enterprising young women to fit themselves to give lessons in music, and they will find it more profitable than teaching school, and it will be an occupation that will last the year round.

Still another adjunct of the College is the Berea General Hospital, where a few mature young women, can take a two years course in the art of Nursing.

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE

Copy for this Department must reach the editor on Saturday preceding date of issue.

Clay County.

Dory.

Mrs. Martha Ball is very low with heart trouble.

Farmers are badly behind with their work at this place.

G. D. Murray, who has been ill with fever, is improving.

Robert McCollum is working in the interests of the B. S. B. C.

Mr. Ion Clark gave the young folks a candy party Saturday night.

We are glad to welcome THE CITIZEN in our homes, and send it our best wishes.

Rev. A. D. Collins preached to a large audience last Sunday at New Prospect Church.

There was a large crowd at Ells' Branch Church last Sunday, services conducted by Rev. R. G. Murray.

Messrs. R. G. Ball, James Murray, and Leander Chestnut contemplate starting for Leslie County in a few days to buy sheep.

Mrs. James Rawlings and her daughter, Miss Bessie, of Burning Springs, are visiting friends in Madison and Garrard Counties.

G. D. Murray.

Jackson County.

Clover Bottom.

Much success to THE CITIZEN.

The fruit crop is good here this year. Miss Blanche Tyler, of Nurseries, Va., is visiting with D. M. Click.

Many people from this place attended commencement at Berea, June 21, and reported a good time.

Mr. Carter Moore will teach at Clover Bottom this fall. He is a good teacher and we wish him a pleasant time.

Messrs. F. C. Click and C. H. Parkey, who are canvassing for the Silver Leaf Nurseries were in to attend commencement.

Dr. Daugherty of this place, and a former student of Berea, does good work and is a friend to all who suffer from toothache. —M. EVA CLICK

Tynor.

Major Jones has again entered the store at Jones' Mill.

A traveling show is advertised to be here the 15th of next month.

Old Aunt Rhoda Bowman, who has been ill for some time, is very low.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Farmer have been visiting Mrs. P.'s parents here.

The school at Tynor is to be taught by John Dyche, a nephew of editor Dyche.

The son of Charley Judd, who was seriously injured by a wagon some time ago, is slowly growing strong.

R. M. Bradshaw, our county superintendent, was here Thursday. Of twenty-five applicants in the hot examination, two received first class certificates and nine failed.

We are glad to see that the people of this place have at last begun work on our cemetery. Our burial ground is the resting place of several soldiers and many other people who were dearly beloved in their time, and now that we see them no more we ought to respect their graves. Part of the lumber for the fence is already on the ground, and the work is to be pressed to a finish.

JAS. M. COMBS.

Owsley County.

Booneville

Robert Wilson, our present juror, has been sick for a few days, but is about well again.

Michael Gubbard, of Everette, is visiting Booneville at present and staying at the Wilson House.

Brother Garret Combs, of the Christian Church is conducting a series of meetings in Owsley with good results.

E. T. Reynolds, the accomplished saddler of Owsley, can be found at any time at his shop in South Booneville.

We have a number of Mormon preachers visiting our county at present, and preaching wherever they can get a chance.

G. B. Reynolds just returned from Berea with Nannie and Albert Reynolds, two students of Berea College, contemplating teaching in Owsley this year.

Miss Sarah Holcomb, former student of Berea College, just received a certificate to teach in this county, and left for Wolf Creek "all smiles." Miss Holcomb is an excellent lady and deserves a school anywhere.

P. P. REYNOLDS.

Madison County.

Panola.

Several persons from this neighborhood attended commencement exercises at Berea, Wednesday, and all report a delightful time.

News has been received here of the shooting of John Harrison on Monday, June 19, near Alcorn, Jackson Co. He was passing along the public road when some unknown person fired on him from the woods. He received seventeen buckshot in the leg and hip. It is thought that he will recover. He is the man who killed Joe Flinn a few years ago.

ALSON BAKER.

Rockcastle County.

Conway.

Mat Coffey has been very low with fever for about six weeks, but is slowly getting better now.

Farmers in this locality are rather disheartened at the prospect of a corn crop this year, while oats and wheat are very promising.

Mr. G. W. Shuckley has been harvesting wheat near Wilder this week.

Rev. A. D. Collins preached to a large audience last Sunday at New Prospect Church.

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Dr. Daugherty of this place, and a former student of Berea, does good work and is a friend to all who suffer from toothache. —M. EVA CLICK

C. C. Williams of Mt. Vernon was in town last Friday.

E. F. Marlow was in Richmond last Thursday on business.

J. A. Wood of Herschel was at this place last Friday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Giddie visited the family of Wm. Hayes last week.

Mrs. Martin Johnson, of Orlando, was visiting friends here last week.

Quite a crowd from this place attended the Commencement at Berea June 21.

Lena and Willie Jones have returned home from Berea where they have been attending school.

Mr. B. C. Richardson and Miss Ann Stewart left for Cincinnati June 22, where they were married.

Friends are thinking of taking Mrs. W. H. Branaman, who has been very low for sometime, to Stanford for medical treatment.

L. F. Stewart has returned from Fairmont, Ky., where he has been measuring lumber for the Oliver Main Lumber Co.

CYNTHIA HOGES.

Owsley County.

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P. P. REYNOLDS.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

THE HOME.

Edited by Mrs. KATE E. PEPPER, Teacher in Berea College.

The Home spun Fair, an adjunct of the Berea College Commencement, is the first of its kind. Room 4, Lincoln Hall, was lined with products of the loom. Several of the counterpanes were heir looms, one being ninety-two years old. While these are very beautiful and show that their owners have treasured them, we are anxious to keep the spinning wheel, and which give them equal delicacy of touch as they handled the harpsichord. Next year we shall offer no premiums for articles which have not been made during the year. Linen for dresses was in great demand, and one hundred yards could have readily been sold. An equal call was made for homespun woolen cloth. We plead with mothers and sisters of these ambitious young people seeking a year's schooling at Berea College to spin.

The following is a list of what we have on hand:

Home spun Blanks, 1st, \$1.50; Mrs. Grace Smith, 2nd, \$1.75; Mrs. Mary Clark

Linen Cloth, 1st, \$1.50; Mrs. Margaret Todd, 2nd, \$1.75; Mrs. Sam Hart

Coverlets, 1st, \$2.00; Mrs. May Sharp, 2nd, \$1.00; Mrs. Sam Hart

Rag carpet, 1st, \$2.00; Mrs. Martha Bengs, 2nd, \$1.50; Mrs. Theo Click

Split bottom chairs, 1st, \$1.50; Wals. & Will. suns

Home made woven knitted mittens, 1st, \$1.00; Mrs. E. E. Ryan, 2nd, \$1.25; Mrs. Maggie Burnell

Home made woven knitted socks, 1st, \$1.00; Mrs. E. E. Ryan, 2nd, \$1.25; Mrs. Maggie Burnell

Home made cotton knitted socks, 1st, \$1.00; Miss E. E. Ryan, 2nd, \$1.25; Mrs. Maggie Burnell

Home made cotton knitted stockings, 1st, \$1.00; Mrs. E. E. Ryan, 2nd, \$1.25; Mrs. Maggie Burnell

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